

Dr. Sam
Time Travel Project

Roe Fulkerson
The Viking story!

The noise of animals and voices undermines the sound of sloshing waves. I look at the sky and feel like I'm embedded in a cloud. My vision is limited to probably fifteen feet with a thick moisture in the air instantly chilling me. My boat soars through the waves. I look at my surroundings and see hundreds of ships that look as if they were ghosts within the fog. Following behind the trek of my boat. Chanting echoes travel through each man's soul as we move as one. I began to think to myself, *how have I gotten here?* I landed in a forest, vibrant green leaves encircle me. The uninhabited brush swallows me. I wear a shaded red robe with a rope tied around my waist like a belt.

I see smoke flowing through the fog in the trees. In an attempt to find civilization, I allow the smoke to lead me. As I move within the trees, I hear screams accompanied by the heavy crackling of fire. As the strength of the sounds grows I become weary, I find myself creeping to the forest's edge, peaking for an explanation. I look out to a village, an open field surrounded by trees. Flames fly from buildings, screams and aches my ears.

Crazed long-haired leather-wearing men chase after fleeing women and children who run from burning homes. I decided to sit and watch the scene unfold. After a few more minutes Vikings round up the leftover villagers and valuables, loading them onto ships. I realize I either

find for myself in the woods or find a way onto a boat. I step up, walk into the open, and jump into the boat. Within the boat, I find dozens of oars on either side, almost sick people wrapped in blankets, and men moving and rummaging around their newfound items.

One man yells and all men fall into assembly, with golden-like blonde hair two braids on top of his head and one falling from his chin. He orders the ship to leave the shore. To blend in, I take a position at an oar. I now need to learn how to use a Viking-aged oar, which is far different from a modern kayak or canoe. As we collectively push out from the shore the oar slams into my chest, I am lifted into the air and let out a loud grunt. Quickly, I plop back down, freaking out if I will be questioned for the mistake. I am hidden within the chaos of the ship. The crew ignores me and moves on. Other than the weight the oar acts as you would guess. We push and pull for a few hours along the coast. Cliffsides filled with lush green trees follow us. We pull into what seems to be a settlement, around 20 buildings most being homes. Sheep and chicken can be heard from the harbor. The braided man I'm now assuming is some form of leader; he orders the crew to unload the cargo off the ship.

Men and women rush off of the ship holding valuables, carrying slaves and sick to homes. I follow the pack of men holding jewels and gold. We walk deeper into the encampment and then into a more fortified stone house. A large double door swings open and we pile into what seems to be a stronghold, the room is around 15 by 15 feet and dimly lit. The men began dropping off the valuables from the raid.

If I were to be anywhere within this camp I would be in the most valuable spot. I could hold the stronghold for ransom and threaten to burn it all down or hide within all the expensive junk. When the others began to leave I took a jump behind a large chest and waited.

After 10 minutes nobody came and thundering rain began. I noticed that this chest was shining with pearls and jewels even the lock was lined with rubies. I try to break the lock with my hands and I can tell it is loose but my hands are far from strong enough to open it. Quietly I stand up and inch over to a sword rack. Three swords are hanging each heavily bejeweled I reach for a sword that has a hilt made of red rubies. I step over to the chest and I try wedging it open but the lock won't budge. I know I need to break the lock to get in, SWEE CHANG! The broken lock falls to the ground and I move to open the chest. Inside I find pearls and armor. The armor is shimmering with black diamonds. It looks as if it's from another planet... I slip into the armor, stash the pearls within my robe, push the chest against the wall, and lock it. The armor is sluggish, yet I feel I am more loose than ever. I grip the rubied sword and crack the large wooden doors (CrEecK).

It is pitch black with continuing rain. The clouds block the moon's light, and it is a struggle to see more than ten feet away. Why *am I here? In a stone hut creeping out the door with no direction.* I blame the Vikings! They have put me in this situation. THEY HAVE PUT ME HERE!! I need to kill... I creep out and notice a smaller wooden hut maybe 40 feet away, I bolt over within an instant. In the hailing rain, I push my ear against the door to hear anyone inside. It's silent. I lean into the door and it gently opens. It is a small home with a large bed against the wall with what looks like a kitchen to the left. Various animal hides hang from the walls, and a strong musk almost one of an old library travels throughout the house. I hunch over the bed. Inhale, exhale, breathe... My sword flies through the air tearing apart all in its path. I slaughter all in each home, a sleeping, silent massacre. The last home was a large spherical hut. The closer I get the louder the noises are. I scan around the building hoping for a window but

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with no luck. I notice smoke is flowing out of the roof, maybe a possible entrance? I leap to the roof and crawl to the top. The chimney-like hole is probably 2-3 feet wide. Inside I see 1 man and two women dancing and singing. One man bends down to rearrange the fire, he is wearing a brown robe with an axe laced around his back. The others seem to be drunk and weaponless. I dive into the hut with my sword piercing through the man near the fire. He yells yet within an instant he's gone. The others panic and scream in their confusion. I swing my blade ripping through everyone within the tent. Once the screams ended I stepped up, searched for a door, then left to the harbor. The night was ending and the rain had stopped. The harbor was empty other than two unmanned boats. One boat was incredibly large with countless amount of oars, another was a relatively small ship with what looked like 5 oars on both sides. I walked down the dock and climbed up the warship. I dropped the sails and disappeared